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The Secrets Within My Bedroom.



horror,

drama

mental

247 5 18

Chapter 1 by Melody Aurora

On most days it was really hot. There was not the slightest bit of moisture in the air, just the heavy pressure of a crushing weight. I hate my Mother, and I hate my entire family. All I have now is the security of the false hopes I have been giving myself-

"You're loved, Liv.

It's alright, Liv.

They won't hurt you, Liv.

Look Liv, they care!"

It's hard to remind myself of these controversies that I tend to hold in the back of my mind, are not what it's meant to be.

"Liv, they hate you.

They don't want you, Liv.

They WILL hurt you, Liv.

It is not alright, Liv."

I scream, and I shout but they refuse to listen. They tell me it's now, and it's worse. I know that getting up and running away won't help. I'm locked in this painted white room, with people watching me from the outside.

Stop looking at me, please.

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Chapter 2 by TeTe



The truth had ended up escaping itself.

They said that the truth would one day be understood by me. That I would accept the truth. When I accepted the truth I would be free from here.

"What truth, what is the truth, tell me!!"

The more I asked the more I saw them watching me and writing in their papers and talking about me as if I couldn't hear.

I don't feel the time pass. I don't know if it's day or night, how many days I've been here. All I feel is me aging. I don't know if it is just because I'm locked away in a 5 feet by 5feet room with no windows, except the "examination window" as I named it, or if time has really passed that fast.

Everytime they come to look at me, watch me, observe me I have less and less strength to scream and ask what is the truth.

But today it's different. Today only one of them come to watch me. He looks young, tall and thin. Like all the others he wears thick glasses and white clothes. He talks to me without opening his mouth. I can hear him say my name

"Liv...Liv....Come Liv...Come see the truth..."

Chapter 3 by TeTe



The door to the room that had started feeling like home opened.

A strong white light washed through the room.

I saw the young, tall, thin man standing just outside the door.

I couldn't see his face but I could hear his voice still calling my name.

"Liv...Come Liv...Let's see the truth together"

I couldn't see his face. The light was too bright. But I was him start to slowly raise his hand

towards me. I heard his voice again, and now I was certain that somehow he was speaking inside my head.

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"Don't worry, just take me to the jail."

His voice was serene. His voice remind me of...of...of something that my heart told me I should remember but my mind just drew blanks. I continued looking at him. My heart filled with an emotion I hadn't felt since I woke up here...I think it was, peace. Yes, PEACE!

Trembling but confident I took his hand. It felt cold and somehow wet. But I didn't doubt anything. He was going to save me and I would finally know the truth.

Chapter 4 by Hatty Cartwright



The truth is blinding black. It's so dark, dark, dark. The boy is gone, but still I hear him.

"Liv...It's alright...Come back Liv! Liv"

Where did he go? The truth took him. It hurts to lose him to it. It hurts to be within the truth. I crawl back to my white room, but it's gone, replaced by dark nightmares and black truths.

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